Is very painfull.

Quick. Are you aduis'd of that? I, I warrant you,
Take all, and pay all, all goe through my hands,
And he is ſuch an honeſt man, if he ſhould chance
To come and finde a man heere, we ſhould
Haue no hoe with him. Hee's a parlous man.

Sim. Is he indeed?

Quic. Is he, quoth you? God keepe him abroad:
Lord bleſſe me, who knocks there?
For Gods ſake ſtep into the Counting-houſe,
While I goe ſee who's at the doore.

He ſteps into the Counting-houſe.

What *Iohn Rugby*, *Iohn*,
Are you come ſir, already?

She opens the doore.

Doct. I be-gar I be forget my oyntment,
Where be *Iohn Rugby*?

Enter Iohn.

Rug. Heere ſir, do you call?

Doct. I you be *Iohn Rugby*, and you be *Iacke Rugby*,
Goe run vp met your heeles, and bring away
De oyntment in de vindoe preſent:
Make haſte *Iohn Rugby*. O I am almoſt forgot
My ſimples in a box in de Counting-houſe:
O Ieſhu vat be here, a deuella, a deuilla?
My Rapier *Iohn Rugby*; vat be you, vat make
You in my Counting-houſe?
I tincke you be a teeſe.

Quick. Ieſhu bleſſe me, we are all vndone.

Sim. O Lord ſir no: I am no theeſe,
I am a Seruingman.

My name is *Iohn Simple*, I brought a Letter ſir
From my M. *Slender*, about miſtris *Anne Page*
Sir: Indeed that is my comming.

Doct. I be-gar is dat all? *Iohn Rugby* giue a ma Pen an
Incke: tarche vn pettit tarche a little.

The Doctor writes.

Sim. O God what a furious man is this?

Quick. Nay it is well he is no worſe:
I am glad he is ſo quiet.

Doc. Here, giue that ſame to ſir *Hu*, it ber ve chalenge
Be-gar tell him I will cut his naſe, will you?

Sim. I ſir, Ile tell him ſo.

Doc. Dat be vell, my Rapier *Iohn Rugby*, follow may.

Exit Doctor.

Quick. Well my friend, I cannot tarry,
Tell your Maſter Ile do what I can for him,
And ſo farewell.

Sim. Marry will I, I am glad I am got hence.

Exit omnes.

Enter Miſtreſſe Page, reading of a Letter.

M. Pa. Miſtris *Page* I loue you. Aske me no reaſon,
Becauſe they'r impoſſible to alledge. You are faire,
And I am fat. You loue ſacke, ſo do I:
As I am ſure I haue no mind but to loue,
So I know you haue no hart but to grant
A ſoldior doth not vſe many words, wher he knowes
A letter may ſerue for a ſentence. I loue you,
And ſo I leaue you.

Yours, Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.